

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

AN ESSAY,

DELIVERED IN

MASONIC HALL, SAVANNAH,

On Thursday, October 27, 1863,

And again by special request, on Monday, December 7, 1863.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

WAYSIDE HOME, IN SAVANNAH,

AND REPEATED

With slight alterations for similar objects in

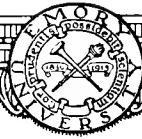
AUGUSTA, MILLEDGEVILLE, MACON, ATLANTA,
LAGRANGE AND COLUMBUS,

By GEORGE A GORDON,

Col. 63d Regiment Georgia Volunteers.

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“WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?”

“WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT!”—*The title of an English Romance.*

A peculiar text for a public essay! What will I do with it?

The pen of the greatest living novelist has covered reams of paper in the endeavor satisfactorily to answer the question. A year of thought, a closely printed volume of over three hundred pages, perused by a continent of readers with intensest interest, before the answer is fairly given. A score or so of imaginative characters constitute the actors in the mimie drama, representatives of so many units upon the theatre of human life. For each character is written his individual part, on each is cast his individual responsibility. Each is a link in the chain, which connects the varied action. Each contributes, however unconsciously, to the dramatic unity of the whole volume. In the bosoms of all, throb hopes, fears, aspirations, resolutions. With some, the taint of an evil spirit degrades hope, unwings ambition, debases resolution—with others, the bow of promise, catching new colors from the tears of sanctified experience, spans the entire character and tinges the whole portrait with the hues of heaven.

But, of every actor in the romance, at every stage of his chequered career, of the good man with his besetting sin, of the wicked man with his opportunity for reform, of the man of sloth with his incentive for exertion, of the man of ambition with his experience in life, the question continually rings upon the ear—like the ever-recurring theme of some immortal sonata, involved anon in labyrinths of ornamentation, but stealing forth again from some unexpected harmony—the saddening question of the book, what will he do with it?

No need with this superb production of Bulwer for the high sounding title with which romance is wont to forestall honest judgment. The days of Pelham, and Devereux, and Maltravers, are buried in the wasted past. This was to be a book of the heart, the heart in every generation; and the oft repeated answer, upon its luminous pages, to the query on the title page, presents its germ of immortality.

It is a question of every day life, the question for every man and every woman who sits before me, a question which demands an answer at all stages of human life, from the cradle to the grave.

Behold that young mother, as she presses to her bosom the unconscious cherub, to which she has given life! See how she watches his every inspiration, as he sleeps the light slumber of new born existence. In what a dream-land of loving prophecy does her imagination wander! What castles does she rear, what schemes does she carve, what a future does she map out for his glorious career? Of how little moment now the pangs which it cost her to give him birth. How they fade and die away before the sunlight of the presence of animate life in which she is basking? And yet, as, on bended knees, she invokes the blessings of Deity upon him, the very act of prayer recalls the momentous responsibilities of an undying soul, and, with a deep drawn sigh, heaved from the saddened memory of many a wreck on the ocean of life, she asks of the little sleeper, upon whom her anguish has bestowed the great boon of life, what will he do with it? with this life, now breathed into his nostrils—with this soul now linked forever with immortal bliss or everlasting woe.

Behold that same infant, as years have insensibly led him through the successive stages of childhood to the threshold of manhood's action! How proudly beats that mother's heart, as she watches the budding of intellectual gifts! With what zeal does she enlist in the mimic warfare of his collegiate career! With what glistening eyes does she listen to his Sophomoric Essays! How do the giants of the past dwindle before the fair proportions of the hero she has given to the world! What senate of sufficient dignity to appreciate the eloquence of her Demosthenes? What world sufficiently large to contain her Alexander? And yet, as she counts over his varied gifts of nature and education, memory *will* summon up to sad inspection unnumbered instances of talents perverted, of endowments wasted; and from the depths of her holy, maternal love, she is forced to realize the myriad temptations to which genius is subjected; and again, of the genius he has breathed in with existence, of the intellect reflected from his massive brow, of the mind stamped upon his classic front, she wrings out, from the agony of love's forebodings, the question of his infancy—what will he do with it?

Once more behold the man, safely guided beyond the shoals and quicksands of youthful temptation. Ambition has been gratified.

Honors deck his brow. Fame encircles his head. The name she gave him, he has returned with abundant interest. Not the mother's lips alone, nor yet only the voice of the home circle, resound his praises. A people look up to him for guidance and entrust to him their dearest interests. Surely, if ever, now, no need to repeat the anxious query of the novelist!

And yet, by the very magnitude of the responsibilities which he has assumed, by the very height of the pinnacle to which he has soared, by the very weight of the dazzling tribute of universal respect, he, for himself, if none else for him, is forced to demand of himself, what shall *I* do with it? With this vast array of solemn duties, with this gigantic load of universal responsibility, with this superhuman power of guiding the masses for weal or woe! *Shall* I be equal to the sublime, yet herculean task? What, oh, what shall I do with it?

The question, then, of the great English writer is one of the key notes of human life, in all ages, at all stages, now, forever. Be it, likewise, the key note of my address to-night.

Three years ago, in this very hall, an unnumbered multitude were assembled. Not only the seats, now occupied by you, but the stairways, the balconies, the streets themselves, were crowded with an array so vast that every house and cabin within the boundaries of the city, must have furnished its representatives. Upon this stage were seated orators, statesmen, priests, gazing upon the sea of upturned faces, which awaited patiently the issue. No uproar marked the presence of so multitudinous a throng, for, like the majesty of ocean, its emotions were too deep for foam or ripple. In prayer they initiated their solemn proceedings, for it was fitting, at this sacred season, when about to tear to pieces the political ties of a century and to launch the ship of State upon an unknown sea, that they should invoke upon the birth of their conception the favor of Deity. *They* felt their responsibilities, this multitude.

A few weeks before, they had unfurled the flag of State independence and sounded the first tocsin of resistance to the iron despotism, which fanaticism had forged for their subjection. It behooved, therefore, that in the city, where a revolution was begun, *their* voice should be no dubious sound, and that in commissioning deputies to a convention of the people in their primary capacity, calmness should characterize their proceedings and certainty their instructions.

Calmly and dispassionately were their grievances recited by the orators of that evening, with no phrenzied appeal to their passions, but with the solemnity of soberness and truth. The chivalrous BARTOW, the orator by nature, whose language was ever wont to gush forth even too tardily for the tecming thought of his luxuriant mind, now tempered and chastened by the awful responsibility of the hour, poured forth in measured tones and studied language the history of our wrongs. Forty years of patient suffering, the history of the decay and downfall of the once mighty Republic, were summoned from the grave of the past to justify the action which all felt must be inevitable. Encroachments on the one side. Too considerate concessions on the other. Fanaticism growing with the growth of the one section; ineffectual protest, solemn warning from the weaker. A one idead leprosy, eating, like a canker, into the thoughts and writings and acts of the one side, hardening and defacing the surface with a gangrened crust of hypocrisy, impervious to the touch of entreaty of the other. Literature, statesmanship, religion, prostituted to the advancement of an infidel radicalism, the press, the forum, the pulpit of the South ringing out impassioned but disregarded appeals to be permitted, under the guarantee of inalienable rights, to weave for herself her destiny.

Nor yet alone with calmness and gravity were these proceedings characterized. Sadness, too, tinged the thoughts of many of the most determined. The name, won by the sacred blood of their forefathers and which had been their passport through the limits of the civilized world, was for them to be effaced forever! The flag, beneath which themselves had fought, as the inestimable emblem of universal liberty, was to be resigned to the oppressor and severed from their grasp eternally. The illusions of a life-time, hallowed by the ~~aspirations~~ ^{actions} of the past and knit into the very fibres of their hearts, were to be blotted out forever. A new name, a new flag, a new leaf for the chapter of history, were to be the heritage that they were to transmit to posterity. Yet, despite the sadness interwoven with the sacrifice, no trace of doubt, no sign of faltering, no eye turned back, were to be found amidst that assemblage of patriots. Rights trampled upon, wrongs repeated, the Constitution a mockery, yea, the Holy Bible in the mouths of their foes a ribald jest, **they felt**, that multitude, that their times were not in their hands, and that, **where God and duty called**, there, with solemn deliberation and calm resolve, they ~~must~~ ^{must} go.

And the set countenance and fixed lips of that people betokened that most of them had counted the cost of the venture. *They* knew—for so spake the orators of that day in this hall that night—that a continent must be convulsed by their action, that not only was eternal vigilance the price of liberty, but that the precious gift was not to be attained save over the ruins of homes, the desolation of hearts, sufferings indescribable. War—war to the teeth must be expected, war such as the world had rarely before witnessed; for, though none foresaw its weary duration, all history proved that it must be bloody.

And yet, despite, all this, despite the disruption of the ties of generations, despite the sacrifice of objects once so hallowed, despite the privations and sufferings which they and their children must endure, they faltered not, but, with an unanimous aye, deputed their delegates to bear to the capitol of Georgia the inflexible voice of an united people that, so far as this city and her people were concerned, they demanded, as the only cure for the disease, disunion!

The record of that night stands forth a monument of glory for every man whose voice swelled the majestic vote, and was responded to from mountain and from seaboard, from hill-top and from valley, through the length and breadth of the State, until Georgia stood forth, in her virgin freshness, endued anew with her original unimpaired and inestimable birthright—her sovereignty.

Three winters have passed since these scenes were enacted between the walls, in which we are gathered. Three years of suffering, of sorrow, of death! The noble spirit, who then swayed the State, now sleeps the last sleep of the martyred dead. In the first battle of the gigantic struggle, foremost among the first, baptizing with his life blood the virgin banner of his regenerate country he fell, and

“Over the dead hero hang
Great gulfs of silence, blue and strewn with stars,
No sound, no motion, in the eternal depths.”

And now methinks, from his bloody ashes, unavenged and unvindicated, in this hour, when valor, victory, endurance, all the records of the many campaigns, have demonstrated that we have carved for ourselves an historic name, I hear again that ever recurring question of human life, a question for nations no less than for individuals, moaning forth from the tomb of the loved and lamented, “I have given freedom to my country—what will she do with it?”

Aye, what will she do with it; with the liberty, purchased at the price of so much blood; with the privileges, wrung from the ruin of so many hearthstones; with the name, watered with so many tears and sanctified by so much suffering!

The question assumes an awful magnitude, as the circle of responsibility enlarges and it embraces in its circumference the nation at large. And yet it must be answered, answered by each and every citizen of the Confederate States, by each man and woman here assembled, units though we may be in the grand sum of national arithmetic.

For us and for our children have these sacrifices been made! For us, these widowed hearts, these orphaned children, these scenes of destitution and want. And, as we garner the priceless fruit and reap the rich harvest of blessings innumerable, let us not avoid the great question of the English novelist, but, stripping the mask from our own hearts, ask, each for himself, what will he do with it.

Let us walk together through the streets and thoroughfares of our fair land, and, daguerreotyping the features of the most prominent characters, endeavor to find a fitting answer.

I see before me a man, of elongated visage, with sallow complexion and pinched face, whose undigested meals seem to have stuck in his throat and to have soured with spleen the utterance of his lips. His long, lank figure, all marrowless bones and icy blood, stalks drearily along and makes an angular shadow upon the surface of the ground. This man is a dyspeptic and a croaker. He lounges listlessly down the main street of the town, so lazily that each group, that he finds unoccupied, attracts him and discovers him a participant in their conversation. He nods lugubriously to every one that he meets—for he knows everybody—and leaves a qualm upon the acquaintance whom he accosts, as though a funeral had passed by. In one thing, however, he is energetic and indefatigable. At the corners of the streets, at the threshold of the news offices, in the crossings of the public squares, he eagerly enquires of every person, likely to impart the information, for the latest news. But not for comfort, not to smooth one of the wrinkles of his chequered brow, not to modulate one of the tones of his querulous voice. Has Lee crossed the Rappahannock and is he pushing his war-worn veterans into the heart of Pennsylvania? “Ah! Richmond is gone. The capitol taken. The government overthrown!” Is Morris’ Island evacuated, after a defence, whose

brilliancy is unparalleled in the annals of the war? "The fate of Charleston is sealed. He always thought that Beauregard was an overrated man, and now he knows him to be a humbug." Has Bragg withdrawn his army this side the Tennessee? "He had always said that Bragg's strategy was cowardice, and Jeff. Davis was no better for retaining such an imbecile in command." Nor does victory shed a ray of light upon his bilious countenance. Do the ensanguined fields of Gettysburg attest the undying valor of Southern blood and challenge the records of the past, the annals of the world, to furnish a parallel? He points to the thousands of lives uselessly sacrificed and to the certainty that no man of that grand army will ever succeed in recrossing the Potomac. Does Lee retire successfully and defiantly to his former position, and place himself like a wall of granite between Richmond and the vandal foe? "It was luck, Sir, luck and nothing else under the sun. By every rule of reason and common sense, he should have been annihilated." Does the valley of the Chickamauga, flowing with blood, evoke from every son of Georgia triumphal anthems over the expulsion from her sacred soil of the last accursed foe? "What boots it," cries the constitutional croaker. "Rosencranz said he would occupy Chattanooga and Chattanooga he has." And so on, *ad nauseam*, to the end of the chapter. But his vaticinations are not circumscribed by the boundaries of military science. He aspires to vent his spleen amid the realms of finance and anathematizes, with moaning emphasis, the worthless paper which lines his well stocked pocket. He stalks through the public market, and prices—not buys—the various articles that meet his eye. With the butcher, the baker, the fisherman, the huckster, he learnedly discourses upon the worthlessness of the dirty rags, which constitute the medium of circulation, and an expressive grunt issues from his cavernous throat, as he buttons up his coat and saunters away. Why does he not rid himself of the worthless rags? If we are not conquered, we are bound to repudiate! Who ever heard of a nation responding to such a debt? But yet his miserly spirit cannot brook the squandering of even what he conceives to be a semblance of money; and, picking his way gloomily through the crowd, he betakes himself to his comfortable lodgings, where, bestirring the fire and piling on a fresh log, he indulges in sublime reverie upon the humbug of war and the multitude of asses in the world. As he makes his way homeward, he had to

pass the hospital entrance of the Wayside Home, and, as he brushes the worn coats of the sunburnt veterans, he exhausts the air with his sighs and in a melancholy tone, enquires whether they are not tired of the war.

My friends! what is this man doing with the blessings, which the heroic dead have purchased with their lives? He walks the street of his abode in security, because this very soldiery surround and protect him. He sleeps in quiet repose, because the wave of the invading ocean has been dammed up by the breasts of the gallant army, which he is decrying. Little reckons he the mischief he is sowing. He little thinks how every word at the street corner is influencing some timid heart, which, in its turn, communicates the impulse to another, until the ramification of despondency extends far beyond the boundary of his knowledge. He little considers how the sneer has wounded some father's heart, as he recalls the image of the darling boy, whom he has sent forth to battle for the liberty of both. He little dreams how far his casual remark to the stranger warrior, whom he accosts in the street, will be conveyed and commented upon and exaggerated, until, when it reaches the regiment, of which he is an unit, it becomes a reflex of the sentiment of the city, wherein it was uttered. Perhaps, if he could foresee the momentous consequence of his every word, he might measure his taunts, before giving them utterance. Perhaps, if he could track his sinister sneer, as it bloats and broadens into a caricature of his country's cause, he might train his features into a more benign expression.

“How frequent in the very thick of life
 We rub clothes with a fate that hurries past!
 A tiresome friend detains us in the street
 We part, and turning, meet fate in the teeth,
 A moment more or less had 'voided it.
 Yet, through the subtle texture of our souls,
 From circumstance each draws a different hue,
 As sunlight falling on a bed of flowers
 From the same sunlight one draws crimson deep
 Another azure pale.”

But these reflections never disturb the self-satisfied melancholy of the chronic croaker. The morning dawns upon his restless frame and unlocks his lips for a biting sarcasm upon the first news he hears; and night closes upon a day of loafing and complaint. He extinguishes his taper with a curse upon the cause that has robbed

him of so many of his accustomed pleasures, little recking how many a hope he has crushed, how many a warm resolution he has cooled, how many a flame of patriotic ardor he has extinguished with the same breath, that now consigns him and them to darkness. What will he do with it? Rather, what is he doing with the virgin fame of the Confederacy, in which he is enrolled a citizen! He tosses about upon his unquiet pillow, and would fain bury in sleep the ill-digested food of his diseased mind. But neither sleep nor death, neither this world nor the next, shall shield him from an answer to the question, which is trumpeted upon his ear from living patriots and patriot dead, what will he do with it. Sleep shall bring no rest, the day shall usher in no peace, years shall evolve no comfort for him, who, living in an historic age, blotted and defaced the chapter of his experience with the foulness of despondency.

Another figure rises before me, fat, sleek, self-satisfied. The world has undoubtedly used him well. The convulsions of the times have left no trace upon his unctuous countenance. War! It is a thing to read about in newspapers and history and maudlin Tennyson. For him lies something more tangible and practical in life. He has a wife to dress, an establishment to maintain, children to provide substitutes for. For these, money must be made, money must be saved. Can a more laudable ambition be conceived? Is he not worse than an infidel, who cares not for his own household?

He trains his fingers to understand the varied beat of the pulse of the market. He is an universal trader. He dabbles in sugar, and extracts sweetness from its usurious profits. He pitches into salt and flavors his life with its profitable savor. He mixes in flour and rises, without yeast, to the skies of prosperity. He dips his speculative finger into molasses and sucks, in delight, its golden sweetness. He handles butter, and sinks into a melting mood of rhapsody over its profits. It matters not what the article be. Be it only a necessary, he knows the investment is safe. Of no consequence the price. He is sure that a hundred per cent. must be squeezed out of the sale, ere it leaves his hand.

And so the pockets grow capacious, the bank account swells, the corporation enlarges, and the prosperous citizen sails along the avenues of public business the antipodes of our croaker. What cares he that his greed has withdrawn from government purchase

the ration, which it has guaranteed to the soldier? What cares he that the soldier's wife must stitch her fingers from early dawn to dusky night to earn the simplest food for subsistence? What cares he that the little prattlers, whom the soldier left in affluence and ease when his country demanded his services, must now depend on charity for the bread, which he has made unattainable? Don't talk to him of such nonsense as this. Trade is trade. Charity begins at home. Is he dishonest? None dare accuse him of it. Is he uncharitable? Behold his name, figuring in Roman capitals in the public prints, heading with fifty dollars the list of lordly subscribers to some benevolent object. Is he told that many a poor family, within a stone's throw of his dwelling rarely catch a glimpse of animal food the week in and the week out? He is indignant. "Why don't they work," quoth the oily citizen as he tosses off his brandy, every mouthful of which would supply a meal to his fellow man. "Why don't they work? I work. I toil. I labor. I amass. I accumulate. Why must want and wretchedness be forever forced upon my attention to disturb my happiness and destroy my peace?"

His peace! Ah my friends. Better the pinched face and gnawing hunger of yonder soldier's widow than the rotund form and oily countenance of this Confederate pharisee. Better the sad sleep of that lonely household, whose husband and father now dreams of them on distant battle fields, than the sonorous snore of this hoary sinner.

Touch his heart?

"You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines,
To wag their high tops and to make no noise
When they are fretted by the gusts of heaven,
As seek to soften that, than which what's harder,
His churlish heart."

But a day of retribution—of retribution terrible and complete—is laid up for him and his children. Every ounce of bread, which his speculations have placed beyond the reach of the poor, every pound of meat out of which he has coined his countless thousands, every atom of every article, which his avarice has snatched from the support of the suffering and destitute, will be exacted from him,

at no distant day, with awful usury. His sin will surely find him out. No matter that a princely mansion contains his pompous frame. No matter that his rent roll rises to tens and tens of thousands. Hundreds of thousands of aching hearts are treasuring up against the day of wrath the dreadful record of his selfishness. They beat within the bosom of the wife, as she sighs for the return of her absent protector. They beat within the breast of that absent soldier, as his brain is made desperate by the wail from home. And, when the day shall arrive, as arrive it will, when these hearts shall find their rest, woe to the man, who, in the midst of a nation's awful labor, prostituted the cause for the sake of self. A stain shall rest upon his brow, as glaring, as ineradicable, as the mark of Cain. It shall track him in his business, it shall cleave to him in his pleasures, it shall be transmitted, a withering curse, to his latest posterity.

Yet see how proudly he walks, unconscious of the retributive justice in store for him.

"No thoughts of his to God unconscious swell,
No love inspires him—only fear of hell;
Greedy of gold, and narrow in his ways,
He follows righteousness because it pays."

How gracefully he resists the appeal of the poor unfortunate, whom, with the suckling infant at her breast, he has just turned shelterless out of doors. She has prayed him for indulgence, by the memory of the many years in which her rent has never failed, by the recollection of the cause in which her husband is engaged, by the piteous spectacle of her own helplessness. She has told him that his edict will cast her naked on the world, that she literally has not where to lay her head, and she glances at the poor infant in her arms as though mutely to enlist his sympathy.

Vain appeal, by the side of the three months back rent now overdue. With an enchanting bow he refers her to the Sheriff and casts her, man-forsaken, upon the world. Could he follow the gradual progress of that act to its final accomplishment, could he read the burning words, in which she pours forth her plaint to her absent lord, could he discern how the very milk, that the babe is sucking, is curdling into bitter blood as it courses through her veins, could he realize how father, mother, babe are weaving into their innermost being eternal detestation of his name, he would begin to understand the terrors of the future that lies before him. Now, in

the golden present, his God is money, at whose infernal shrine he sacrifices time, character, country, all, while the pen of the avenging angel is recording each word and act for unutterable retribution.

Pause, ere we leave, this incarnation of covetousness. The electric current is flashing to a wondering world the daily chronicle of our heroic achievements. Empires and kingdoms, hoary with the dust of ages, are watching the sublime drama, and pouring forth from the silent heart of the people the sympathy, which the effete governments themselves fear to accord. Our enemies themselves have become unwilling witnesses of our solemn determination, and marvel at, if they do not admire, our miraculous resources. From city and hamlet, the country and metropolis, the great mass of the people have enrolled themselves under the banner of the republic and are offering upon the gigantic venture their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. Woman, with breaking heart, is buckling on the armor and binding up the wounds of her myriad heroes, and children are drinking in manhood from the fountain of national liberty.

“ Alas !

Although the ocean's inmost heart be pure,
Yet the salt fringe that daily licks the shore
Is gross with sand.”

And rudely amid his dreams of untold gold, amid the absorption of business, the restlessness of speculation, the voice of fate rings forth upon the startled ear of this pharisee of the Confederacy, what, with this gold that you have amassed, with these acres that you have purchased, with these fruits that you have plucked, all, from the tree of liberty that others have planted and nursed and watered with their life blood, what will you do with it? This freedom to work these wrongs, this liberty to exercise oppression, this license to grind the very vitals of those, who are protecting you !

What will you do with it ?

Alas, that so it must be evolved. But, when the halcyon days of peace shall return and the blood-stained survivors of this terrible struggle shall listen to the tale of his avarice, of his heartlessness, of his oppression, I fear me that the pharasaic speculator of the past two years will be rudely summoned from the enjoyment of the treasures he has accumulated by a cry, which shall demand action for an answer to the question, shouted from the lips of an indignant people, what has he done with it.

The scene shifts, and another character looms up upon the canvass. No croaking twang to his voice. No speculator rotundity to his form. He despises the croaker and will discourse long and lucidly upon the evils of despondency. He detests the speculator. Not for worlds would he soil his fingers with bread or meat. Raiment is his speciality. He aspires to be a public benefactor. Does this cruel war strip us literally of our garments. His be the task to supply the deficiency from the abundance of our foes. True, our money cannot make purchases abroad. But—no limits to his patriotism—he will buy gold, even at miraculous prices. Only facilitate his trade. Smooth his path. Assist his enterprise. Furnish him, men of influence, letters of approval by which he may secure egress from our territory. He will be sure to obtain a return ticket.

“What will he do with it?” Aye, glibly will he answer the question, if he has honored me by his gracious presence to-night. “What will he do with it?” Why, miracles for the benefit of the Confederacy! He will smuggle in medicines for the sick, bonbons for the beauties, silks for the belles, broadcloths for the beaux. He will wind his body with ribbons, rather than Southern beauties should lack their ornaments. He will fill his boots with studs, rather than Southern dandies should be buttonless. Everything will he supply from the exhaustless charnel house of universal Yankeedom.

My friends, I do not exaggerate, when I declare that this man is stabbing a more deadly blow at the vitals of the nation than Lincoln and his whole cabinet. What the croaker, though he had the whole people for his audience, could never effect, what the speculator, however exacting and heartless, could never attain, this land shark is slowly but surely accomplishing. For he is severing the main artery of the body politic, who depreciates the currency of his country!

Have you ever thought of this matter of currency? I mean, not as great, financial giants discuss it, but in a popular, practical phase.

This five dollar note that I hold in my hand and that purchases me so little, what is it? It is a promise by the Confederacy, the supreme power, to pay five dollars, no more, no less. What does it represent? It represents your house, my house, the house of every man in this city, in this State, in the whole Confederacy.

It represents your lands, your negroes, your property of every kind and description, wheresoever it is to be found. If this note be worth nothing, your property is worth nothing. If it melts away before the contact with gold, your house, your lands, your property must likewise melt away. What else do you want as a medium higher and better than this? What safer security for the purchase and sale of your food and clothing than the solemn pledge of your own property?

Yet try this five dollar note. Go into the first store you pass and test its value. It will not buy you a pound of coffee, a pound of tea, much less a pair of shoes or an article of clothing. What is the cause of this? Is it to be found in a distrust of the people in the honesty of themselves? Do they believe that they will repudiate the debt themselves have incurred? Do they believe their children will? Do they doubt our ultimate success? Do they entertain the faintest idea that we can be conquered! Are these, or any of them, the cause of the comparative worthlessness of this promissory note of the Confederacy?

Not so, I honestly believe. I cannot suffer myself to entertain for a moment the thought that any respectable number of our people dream of reconstruction, repudiation or defeat. Yet the fact is patent. The note does not bring its equivalent value. And I, for one, refer the result as attributable, more than to any other one cause, to this disgraceful traffic with foreigners and Yankees. Our treasury notes fades before nothing else save gold alone. It certainly is worth five dollars worth of corn, flour, sugar, or any other article that we produce or manufacture. It must be their equal, for it is their representative. Then why test it by the crucible of gold? What do you and I and any of us want with gold? We do not legitimately want it. Nobody needs it, in the length and breadth of the Confederacy save the government alone.

Yet observe this Confederate shark, whose lineaments we are now sketching, in the necessary operations of his trade. He must have gold, for gold alone can make his purchases outside the limits of the Confederacy. And he it is, who, by his accursed traffic is burying mountain deep the honor of our nation, offering fabulous prices for the yellow metal. His country's fame bartered for filthy lucre!

Recollect ye, who secretly encourage him, that every privation

you endure, as, one after another, you are forced to deny your families the very necessities of life, is due to his speculations. Recollect that, while, in regular increase, food and raiment are rising beyond your reach and the once affluent are beginning to feel poverty, that all this is owing, in the largest degree, to the license allowed to traitorous traders to take your gold to a foreign market.

And in a majority of cases, to what market? Oh, men of Georgia, women of Georgia, I blush to think of the source, whence most of these purchases proceed. Does not the heart sink at the debasing thought that oftenest the market, where the trader supplies himself, is Lincolnland, the wares Yankee? What need of independence, what need to have thrown off the shackles of a generation, if indirectly, we are thus to pay the dirtiest tribute to our foes? As a matter of interest, it would have been preferable to have continued the accursed bond, reaping at least fair and remunerative fruits, than thus to suck our life-blood in purchasing their refuse. As a matter of feeling, better to have ground our teeth and suffered oppression for ages than thus to suffer the Yankee blood-sucker to feed upon our vitals.

It was bad enough in the palmy days of the old Republic to sustain, through the indirect channel of a revenue tariff, the great bulk of the expenses of government. But better that, than the disgraceful spectacle of a people, battling for existence, forming a copartnership in trade with the ships of war of the infamous foe and sharing with them the profits, plucked from the life-blood of the Confederacy. Can any one doubt it? Is the holy heart of the simple minded and pure patriot confounded by the operation of so base a traffic.

I reassert and publish it to the world, that the trade of these land sharks is sustained by hellish connivance with the blockading steamers of the enemy; that a full and satisfactory *quid pro quo* is paid for the privilege of ingress and egress, and that the profits of their infamous enterprise 200, 300, 400 per cent., is shared by both and wrung out of the poor man of the Confederacy.

Here stands the living cause of the depreciation of your currency. Every dollar of difference between the real and nominal value of your Confederate treasury note is in the hand either of the Confederate or Yankee partner in this nefarious scheme.

And yet there are many among us, who ascribe to all but the

true cause the hardships we are enduring. To the imbecility of the minister of finance, to the supineness of Congress, to the venality of government agents, to a thousand other minor causes, is attributed the responsibility of this train of evils. But rarely does reflection bring them nearer home, and recognize in the man, who is fattening on a contraband commerce, the real Judas, who is betraying us.

What will he do with it? With this priceless freedom, which we are shedding rivers of blood to cement? What will he do with it? He will barter it away for thirty pieces of genuine silver.

Another figure lurks upon the canvass, partaking in part of the croaker, the speculator and the land shark. But he lacks the manliness of the one, the nerve of the other and the boldness of the third. His is a trade of insinuation. He dares not avow his preference for the past, but he openly ventures to vent his dissatisfaction with the present. He is devoted to the croaker, and cultivates him assiduously. He probes the sore of the chronic complainer, until he finds matter foul enough for his scent. He gives application to his criticisms and point to his venom. He never speaks it himself, but he leads the croaker to the utterance of sentiments that in him would be deemed treason. He applauds any reference to the "glorious old Union," must confess that he has a great reverence for the old flag, and hints, rather than says, that we have not made by the exchange. He smuggles in whenever he can, a Yankee paper, and takes care to circulate it as a rare curiosity. He laughs mockingly as he reads its lying editorials, but he reads them. He interjects deprecatory remarks as he hums over the letters of "our army correspondent," but he is sure to lend the paper. He invests but little in Confederate securities, only sufficiently to avoid suspicion. He goes into land with avidity, and the more so if there be no buildings thereon to be shelled. He is lavish in his praises of Seward. "A bad man, Sir, a bad man, but a man of prodigious intellect." He thinks Lee a capital general, and is loud in praise of his moderation in Pennsylvania. He disbelieves all accounts of Yankee atrocities, and wonders how people can become so credulous. He does not care to make much money; he does not know how to invest it. "Repudiation?" "Well—you know Mississippi was once guilty of the act, and for his part he rather thinks both sides will have to repudiate." **Reconstruction?** He hardly dares whisper the thought, but

secretly, in the silent watches of the night, in the depths of his mean heart, while hecatombs of his fellow citizens are being sacrificed for the country, which, by his presence he has espoused, he hugs the dream to his bosom, he cradles it in his breast, and waits, with the grovelling of a snake, until he can vomit forth its venom from his heart. Need I ask what this man, if he have a chance, will do with it?

The child of his loins, perhaps, drawing draughts of patriotic fervor from the mother, who suckled him, is acting his part nobly in the great drama on some distant battle field. Perhaps his life-blood is crimsoning the earth, upon which he lies, or his emaciated frame is stretched upon the camp cot of the field hospital. No murmur escapes his lips. No doubt defiles his heart. Cheerfully, with glowing face and beating heart, he gave his young life to his country and is content so it has been expended in her behalf.

Does the picture of this young hero touch the heart of the hoary traitor? Aye, it touches it as though with iron, and solidifies the treachery, which he cherishes. In the agony of paternal woe, he almost forgets his prudence and would fain groan forth the treasonable thought. But he represses the impulse, or affords it expression only in the secret diffusion of his traitor sentiments. He sees in the young sufferer only another victim to the unholy ravages of an useless war, curses the influences which have entwined themselves around the object of his love, and works in fiendish silence to effect the satanic desire of his heart—a reunion with those who have made him childless.

Is the liberty judiciously exercised, which suffers this man to remain among us? Must the freedom, for which thousands have died, be prostituted to his protection? Can no plan be devised to rid us of so fatal an incubus?

My friends. In this gigantic war, there can be no middle ground. He, who is not for us, wholly, absolutely, entirely, unreservedly, is actively and energetically against us! Unless a man can devote everything that he has and is and hopes, his children, his land, his property and, above all, himself, without reservation, to the holy cause, he is none of us.

Neutrality is nonsense. Lukewarmness an appalling swindle. The times are not as ever before in this generation. The war is one of a different type. In a foreign war, waged by or against an united people, an honest difference of opinion can be tolerated.

The justice, the policy, the necessity of such a war might be legitimately discussed.

But this is a death struggle for existence! A resolution of government into its original elements, a chrysalis bursting forth from the shell of ages. Every man, every woman, every child must choose his side. No middle path can be trod. Either on our side, with the nerve of desperation, or on the other with the venom of malignity!

And the reconstructionist has made his choice. From every half-checked utterance of his voice, from every dark insinuation of his lips, from every mean action of his life, he answers what he will do with it. He does not unfurl the stars and stripes above his mansion, but he enfolds them with loving care around his blackened heart. Give him but the opportunity, and he will do with the liberty we have won, with the Confederacy we have established, what Rome did with Carthage.

Shall we prolong the opportunities for detestable treason?

Already our President, yielding to the sentiments of the nation, after years of insults patiently endured, has banished from the country the consular agents, whom England had accredited to a once united people. This act is hailed with joy by every true patriot in the land, and the army rejoices to know that henceforth protection and military service are, in a defensive war, reciprocal terms, and that whoever is defended by the Confederacy in the enjoyment of life, liberty and property, be he foreign born or native, shall be bound with his right arm to battle for the fortunes of the Republic. It was law before. It has always, in the history of enlightened jurisprudence, been law. But, until this action of the executive, it has been inoperative from motives of diplomatic policy. And now the fiat emanates from the fountain head, and justice will be done.

But the step, hailed with so much joy, stops short of its legitimate conclusion when it fails to reach the native traitor. Perhaps it is impracticable, and it were better to suffer the evil than violate even the form of liberty. But I venture the prophecy for what it is worth—heed it or not as you please—that, when our victorious legions shall have returned from the field of glory and essay, as citizens, to dispense their rewards and punishments, the temple of God itself will not shield from his fitting reward the man, who in the dark hour of his country's need, even dreamt of

reconstruction. Reconstruction with a people, who have trampled on our rights, desolated our homes, broken our hearts and would now reduce us to slavery ! Let him, who dares avow the thought, be hung as high as Haman.

But brighter characters irradiate the canvass. These are simply such as circumstances and the exigencies of the times have forced in hideous prominence in the foreground. They are representatives, I trust, of but a small class in this community.

But, behold in the background, covering mountain, valley and city, that innumerable throng of Confederate warriors, who are battling for a bleeding country, baring their breasts to the fury of the storm, and receiving in their bosoms the blow directed upon their fatherland ! For God and country they contend, for God and duty they endure. No more for them, the quiet home, the peaceful fireside, the domestic hearth. For three long years they have breasted the billows, been lashed by the foam and submerged beneath the waves of the storm-tossed ocean. With tattered garments and shivering frames, with bleeding feet and aching head, they have traversed the mountain peak and forded the river. The roar of a dozen battle fields has thundered its diapason of cannon and musketry upon their deafened ears, and sheets of liquid fire have encircled them. The iron rain has poured its pitiless flood of leaden death, hurrying swiftly to the mansions of the dead the comrade and the friend. Disease has set its seal of decay upon the countenance once so ruddy, scars disfigure, yet illuminate, the face, and wrinkles, wrought by moments that have been ages, sear the once unruffled brow.

Yet see, dazzling from the sight the wrinkle, the wound, the scar by the bright effulgence of its sunlight rays, the halo of glory that illumines his face. No regret there, in the set lips, the firm hand, the flashing eye, as he rushes into the thickest of the fray ! With tenfold vigor, he strikes a new blow for the sacred cause. The tearful eyes of that precious wife, when she bade him that last farewell, haunt him, as he recognizes the blue coats of the detested foe, and give redoubled energy to the blow, which he deals anew for her. The voice of the little prattlers, who clung around his knees to receive his parting blessing, sounds trumpet-toned upon his ear and nerves his arm with redoubled strength against the tyrant scum that has caused the separation. The ashes of the dead, who, side by side with him, set out upon this holy mission of

redeeming their native land, and who now sleep the long sleep of the martyred dead, cry out to him from their consecrated graves for righteous retribution. Fought he, when the plains of Manassas first felt the shock of contending armies? It was but child's play to the deeds, which now, wrung from the wrongs of three weary years, render the Confederate soldier a marvel to the world. Felt he, when, at the outset of the war, he buckled on his armor that his cause was just, his object sacred, his devotion divine? Oh for words to depict the faith of that heart in the righteousness of his cause, the unalterable resolve of that soul to achieve independence or perish in the attempt!

When he hears of croakers at home, his contempt is too profound for expression. But when the tale of the speculator reaches his ear, or the devices of the land shark, or the secret machinations of the reconstructionist, he grasps his rifle and knits his brow and feels tempted to initiate a war at home.

But their foul images do not vex him long. He knows that there are loyal hearts at home to thwart their malice and neutralize their meanness, or, if not, he knows when their day of retribution shall arrive. At present, the liberty, with which they are trifling, is in his hands; and all other considerations must be banished from his pure mind. He hears again the clarion blast of the bugle, as it summons him forth to the deadly fray, and, with one prayer to the God, who has thus far sheltered him, and one sigh for the lonely loved ones, whose protector is God alone, he sallies forth, as a bridegroom from his chamber, and as a giant to run his course.

Shall we ask what he will do with it, with the inestimable privileges entrusted to him and for whose preservation he is contending? His deeds and daring are the appropriate answer.

Alas that for many of these gallant spirits the cypress and the willow must be their reward, unconscious that a grateful nation bows o'er their lowly graves and sheds tears of thanksgiving over the unrecorded dead. Alas that to their widowed homes can be bequeathed alone the memory of illustrious deeds and a name that shall be deathless. Who can depict the anguish of her heart, whose judgment appreciates the necessity of the sacrifice but whose happiness is crushed by the individual bereavement? Who can minister to the broken spirit? How grating sounds the triumphal anthem, as it opens afresh the unhealed wound! What mockery the jubilant countenance of friends and acquaintance, as the electric

wire flashes the intelligence of another victory! To her each paean of triumph is a swelling chord, singing the requiem of her departed bliss, and the laurels of victory but deepen the shade of the cypress wreath that clamps her brow.

My friends! Of all the appeals, which are addressed to the better feelings of our fallen nature, what so Christ-like as the duty of soothing and ministering to these anguished hearts? For us and ours, who thus far survive the carnage of this bloody struggle, her staff and her protector has left his loved ones desolate. For us and ours her heart is bleeding in streams that cannot be stanchd.

What will we do with it? this vast trust bequeathed to us as the price of liberty? No power on earth can recompense her her loss. No act of ours replace the loved and lost. In the early grave, unmarked, unknown, amid the myriad remains of the heroic slain, her heart lies buried with the body of him she loved. But for us, the privilege of pouring the oil of consolation upon these gaping wounds. For us to save her home from the grasp of the creditor. For us, to enable her to rear those children in the image of the dead hero, whose blood has been our salvation. Shall we be faithful to the trust and deserve the blessings his martyrdom has secured us?

The war still prolongs its ghastly festival, nor even, upon the clouded horizon, can the most hopeful discern the first glimpse of the dawn of peace. Yet, around us now, in token of the awful carnage of the terrible past, are widowed hearts and orphaned children in sad and awful numbers. Each clash of arms on the Rappahannock and the Tennessee, each bulletin from the lonely picket post amid the deadly miasmas of our seaboard service, swell the melancholy array and add to our responsibilities.

What will we do with it? No soul in this assembly that has not been appealed to to-day or yesterday by the representative of some murdered patriot. What has been the answer? Have we turned the cold shoulder and prated of our sufferings, of our privations, of our wants? Or have we opened the fountains of our hearts, and, bowing before the majesty of this sublime woe, shared our last crust with the poor disconsolate? To-morrow and to-morrow will add to the weight of responsibility and we cannot refuse to say what we will do with it. By the memories of the past chequered by countless hopes and fears, by the prayers we have sobbed forth for the preservation of our darling, by the vows

we have recorded in our moments of gloom, by the thanksgivings we have chanted in the hour of victory, by the abiding faith in the justice of our cause and by the yearnings for the day of peace and prosperity, I demand, in the name of the sainted dead, in the name of country, religion, God, I demand for these unfortunates a practical response. And in like manner as we shall discharge our trust shall we receive of blessing or curse upon ourselves as a nation.

For how shall we meet this lordly band of war-worn survivors, when they return victorious to the bosom of their homes? They will recount what they have done with their responsibilities in the sacred volume, of which each warrior will be a page. With grateful hearts, shall they pass beneath the triumphal arch that will span their pathway, and their voices shall swell the choral anthem of praise that shall float upon the air in waves of harmony.

“ Their unhealed wounds brave trumpets in their praise,
Drawing huge shoals of people, like the moon
Whose beauty draws the solemn-noised seas.”

The song shall speak of them, the floral wreath shall spell their names, and they shall feel, in modest thankfulness, that the battle field and the bivouac, the picket post and the scout, have given them title to the ovation. But, in exactly the same measure that they have discharged their duty, will they demand of each actor in the solemn drama the record of the fulfilment of his. And glorious will be the hymn, sublime the harmony, if, from the voice of the soldier and the citizen, the widow and the bride, the nation in its universality, can rise an anthem of thanksgiving solemn and majestic, welling up from the hearts of an united people, touched with the melody of grateful thanksgiving and animated by the consciousness of duty discharged.

Before the canvass is withdrawn and the figures fade, which we have portrayed before you, let us snatch one hurried glance at a remaining group, which floats in softened colors amid the blue atmosphere of the picture. Like the breeze that fans our brow, like the everyday air we breathe, its influence is invisible though ramifying through all the organs of animate life. At the couch of the sick, at the bed of the dying, amid the hideous spectacles of the hospital and beside the lonely grave, woman, modest and retiring, active and efficient, her presence shaded by the multitudinous figures

in the foreground, but glancing forth rays of light and peace and comfort whenever occasion discovers her, spans and encircles all species of suffering, and like a rainbow of hope, illumines the entire canvass. What tongue can describe her unselfish devotion to a struggling country! What pen portray her heavenly action! Man can never appreciate the magnitude of her sacrifice. The smile of encouragement from an aching heart, the word of comfort from an agonized spirit, the appeal to arms from a trembling frame, the voice of consolation from lips livid with suppressed anguish, the letter of love and hope from a heart broken with hope deferred, these and a thousand like divine self-sacrifices attest her devotion to the cause.

Let her be the judge, and no step towards reconciliation, no movement towards peace, shall be harbored or conceived, though hecatombs of victims are crushing her down to the earth, until every drop of her martyred blood is avenged, until every wrong of her injured country is redressed. The death cry of her murdered husband dries up the milk of affection in her veins, and deepens the determination to offer son and brother and friend and connection upon the holy altar of Confederate liberty. Divine attribute of God-given power! Strength evolved out of weakness! Power born from the chrysalis of intensest suffering!

No croaker to be found among her angelic hosts. No traitor lurking upon her roll of fame. The speculator and the land shark, the traitor and the croaker, mask their transactions and veil their devilish machinations before the majestic fealty of Southern born woman. Here at last, when the sexes are reversed, may we find a satisfying answer to the solemn question of the novelist. And, from the Wayside Homes, which dot and beautify the surface of our country, and in behalf of one of which I address you to-night, is the solution of the sublime problem.

What will she do with it?

Go stand for one day at the portals of its hospital entrance and witness the streams of shattered frames and hectic faces, which seek shelter beneath its roof. Here are gathered the sunburnt warriors of every State, as they pass from the trials of camp to the vivifying influences of home. Here, hobbling on his homely crutch, is a scarred veteran of the army of the Potomac, proud of the maimed limb, which attests his bravery, and ever ready to resume his rifle under the leadership of his illustrious chief.

Here, with slung arm, is the veteran of heroic Vicksburg, burning with hatred of the Federal legions and anxious to efface the memory of the surrender. Here, is the pallid face and skeleton frame of the suffering patriot, who, with none of the excitement of action to animate him, none of the heyday of glory to incite him, nothing save the stern conviction of duty and the mandate of conscience to sustain him, has given the freshness of life, the buoyancy of existence, the vigor of manhood's prime, to the cause of his country in the discouraging duties of the lonely picket station. See how the eye lightens and the countenance brightens beneath the genial influence of this noble charity. What a foretaste of home, with its quiet joy, of peace, with its balmy wings, this welcome by the way, this shelter to the stranger, this practical and loving God-speed.

And woman, the representative of his home divinities, presides over the sacred scene, and ministers, by a word of kindness, by a glance of sympathy, by a feeling enquiry, by a genial welcome, to the weary heart of the tired soldier. Her influence brushes the dust off that humble coat, sanctified as it is in covering a soldier's back. Her direction provides comforts and repose for his weary frame. And, with bread for the body and the bible for the soul, she sends him on his way rejoicing, the incarnation of the beautiful.

Nor on him alone are her energies centered. With him, the unprovided stranger, she has well and practically evinced what she will do with the privileges she possesses. But woman never does good by halves. The widow and the fatherless, all, have claims upon her, and the suffering band of lonely supplicants, whose staff of life is battling on distant fields the combat for liberty.

For these she finds employment that shall earn them bread, for these she wearies with her appeals the city and the citizen, for these she demands the support of all, whom God has blessed, for these she has summoned me to an unwonted task this night. For these, the Wayside Home appeals. Your wives and your sisters have gone forth from the duties of home and snatched whatever of time could be spared to the holy work. A radiance encircles their path, the effulgence of the gratitude of a thousand hearts. The incense of their holy acts clings to them, as they return to the homes, which they bless, an incense of a divine spirit that shall diffuse itself around you and your household.

Blessed in giving—thrice blessed in receiving the rich reflection that shall always be cast from the mirror of an unsullied heart.

Oh for the blessedness of the royal reward in store for her, when to the question of inexorable fate, what have you done with it, woman shall point to the record of her modest acts and receive a crown of unfading glory.

The time is approaching, my friends, when, either in this world or the next, we must, all, give an answer to the question of my essay. A few years, at farthest, computed by the grand arithmetic of history, and these days of tumult and suffering must find their close. Whether by foreign interposition, or internal convulsions among our foes or by the unaided might of our own right hand,

“ Grim visaged war will smoothe his wrinkled front.”

peace will once more spread her wings over the land, and our tempest tossed ship of State shall be anchored securely on the sands of eternity.

Some of us, who are now assembled, may long ere then have been numbered among the victims of a ruthless war, and our voice and our influence shall be but a memory. Our wife, and our children may be among those, whose sad lot we have depicted to-night, and the tears of our loved ones may be watering our graves.

But some of us shall survive to hail the dawning of the star of peace. And each of these must be prepared to answer the solemn question. Have we, by melancholy foreboding and croaking complaint, palsied the energy and unnerved the arm of an infant government. Have we, at the expense of the myriad poor, who have been poverty stricken by the war, fattened by speculation in the necessaries of life? Have we contributed, directly or indirectly, to the disgusting act of depreciating the currency of a struggling nation? Have we joined in or encouraged the conversation of even a doubter, much less a reconstructionist?

Have we been faithful to the sublime trust reposed in us by the Lord God of nations?

My friends. For others, as much gold as they can cram into a thousand vaults, snatched from the sufferings of the myriad poor. For others, blocks of houses and acres of land, droves of oxen and abundance of all the fat things of the earth.

But for me and mine, rather would I bury every dollar I own in the world, the inheritance of my fathers, the scanty accumulations of weary years, and commence life anew in the autumn of existence than garner millions unworthily during the war. Pure hands and undefiled, sullied by no stain of avarice, spotted by no blemish of selfishness, this is the heritage to be desired, this the lot to be craved! And of such a man, blessed be the children, who can walk erect, with proud mien and unbending carriage, who, glorying in the liberty that has been won, and the sufferings that have won it, can point to the name of an illustrious, though poor sire, and boast *what he has done with it.*

A P P E N D I X .

And now my task is completed and my problem solved.

And yet I cannot, as before, resume my seat and sunder at once the sympathetic bond, that for the past hour, has united us. I cannot abruptly resign this my last audience and cast my little essay adrift upon the world, without coming before the curtain for one moment, dropping the mask and speaking to you face to face.

With unexpected distinction, you have called for a repetition of my address, and stamped my labors with the seal of your approbation.

And, while no language can express my appreciation of so high a compliment, and while I would beg you, Sir, to convey to the ladies of the Savannah Wayside Home my most profound acknowledgments, I am proud to believe that your courtesy is mainly extended to me as the representative of the holy cause in which, for the past few weeks, I have been engaged.

And, as you have honored me as the medium, through which you could express your sympathy with the soldier and his sufferings, may I not assume the privilege of selecting you as the channel, through which I may convey my deep gratitude for the favor, with which, in every place, my efforts have been received. Believe me that life can never present sweeter remembrances than those clustering around the memory of your kindnesses.

I wrote this essay to discharge two duties. First, to coin from my brain the money, which my means could not now supply for the suffering. Second, under a deep consciousness of the responsibility of one, who exercises the faculty of public speech, to endeavor to probe a few festering wounds and, perchance, to comfort some anguished heart.

I regarded it as a duty, weighty and responsible. But behold, as I have hewn out fragments of the naked rock, your smiles have chiselled it into a thing of beauty. As I have struck chips from the granite quarry of life, the crucible of your touch has transmuted them into the brightest gems. While I have fished up from the waters of experience a shell or two of old ocean, your eyes have discerned the hidden pearl and beautified it by your glances.

And so the duty has become a pleasure, the labor a delight, and my exhausted frame is vitalized by the magic wand of your approval.

What will I do with it—with the priceless gem of your approval?

I will preserve it in the eternal casket of my heart, and transmit it to my children, as the richest jewel in the diadem of my history.

ERRATUM.—On page 5, 2d paragraph, 6th line, for "*universal*," read "*immense*."

